THE OLD GOLD AND BLACK

1921

The
Old Gold and Black

Published by the
Class of '21
Clinton High School
Clinton, Indiana

To Our Parents, whose love, encouragement and sacrifices have helped us to graduate, we affectionately dedicate this Annual.

Foreword

Just as a little school boy, who proudly displays his first piece of art to his mother, finding praise and satisfaction in his mother's words, is content to run and play a game of blindman's buff in the village street, so we, the staff and class of '21, present this edition of The Old Gold and Black. If we, too, find satisfaction in the faces and words of those who turn these leaves and if, in later years, it is the source of endearing memories to the students of our Alma Mater, then we are happy and content to go and play the game, the game of life.

THE STAFF.

GEORGE McREYNOLDS
Supt. of Schools

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN
Prin. High School

FACULTY

MIRIAM BOYD
Home Economics
Bruceville High School, 1913
Indiana State Normal

BERTHA CAFFYN
French
Manual Training H. S., 1915
Franklin, A. B. 1920

JOHN W. CARITHERS
History
Perrysville, 1913
Indiana University, L. L. B., 1918
Indiana, A. B., 1920.

WM. E. DAVIS
Science
Greenfield, Ohio, 1909
Ohio University, 1913
Catholic University of America, A. M., 1917

M. HELEN JOHNSON
Assistant Principal
Latin
Clinton High School, 1907
Indiana State Normal, A. B., 1911
Indiana University
Columbia University

IRMA HAND
Music
Brazil High School, 1911
De Pauw, B. M. 1920.

BERNICE McKINLEY
Art
Brazil High School
Indiana State Normal
De Pauw University
Chicago Art Institute
Applied Art School Institute
Landscape Painting—Turman

GLENN MORGAN
Mathematics
Clinton High School, 1907
Indiana State Normal, 1911
Indiana State Normal, A. B., '17

E. M. MORGAN
Manual Training
Beach Training School, 1912
Stout Technical Institute, 1914
State Industrial School
Naval Trade School

LULU MAY SCHOOLFIELD
Commercial
Evansville, 1915
Indiana State Normal
Wisconsin University

AGNES BREWER SHALEY
English
Indiana Normal High School, '14
Indiana University, A. B., 1918

CHARLOTTE SWAYNE
English
Newport High School, 1913
De Pauw University, A. B. 1917

OLD GOLD AND BLACK STAFF

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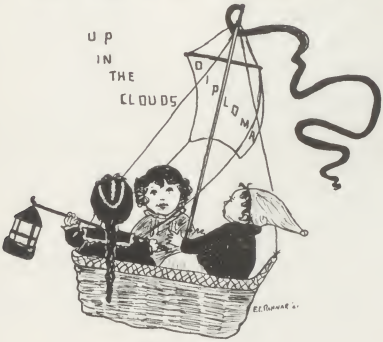


CLASS OFFICERS

President..... Harry Stickle
Vice-President..... Wayne Martin
Secretary-Treasurer..... Pete Beno
Faculty Advisor..... A. B. Shaley
Class Color..... Purple and White
Flower..... Sweet-pea

JAMES BALCH

With the ladies of the Faculty
James always makes a "hit."
The jokes and tricks he plays on them,
They don't seem to mind a bit.

DESREE BARTMESS

You can always hear her laughter
From top to bottom stair,
And wherever a good time's brewing,
You're sure to find Desree there.

PETE BENO

Pete was twice our President,
He's been a willing worker;
His ability on our football squad
Has shown he is no shirker.

LAKE BROOKBANK

Looks are often deceiving,
And with "Smiley" this saying is true.
Bashful? I should say—not!
You'd have thought so—wouldn't you?

MADGE BROWN

She lives across the river,
This brown-eyed country lass,
Her heart's always in Clinton,
Tho' I fear not with her class.

MINNIE BUFFO

Her hair is of the auburn shade,
Her eyes are brown and clear;
She took a fancy to our school,
And stayed an extra year.

MARY BURGAN

She's just our plain old Molly,
The same to everyone;
She sometimes has her lessons,
But she always has her fun.

MARY CHARLES

Mary is very quiet,
She hasn't much to say;
She merely glanced at our class
And then thought she'd stay.

GILBERT CLUDER

For four long years he's helped us,
Through trials and troubles many;
And when it comes to a better friend,
You'll find there isn't any.

OWEN CURTIS

Well, I'm sure you all know Owen
By his record on our team,
Such upright lads and honest,
We honor and esteem.

VERNE DE MASTERS

A genial face wreathed with nut-brown curls,
With a poet's thoughts and heart,
One of the fairest of Senior girls,
Who from Clinton High must part.

MARY EVANS

Her eyes are bright, her merry laugh
Is heard by all the school,
Her well-known reputation is
To break the tardy rule.

HUBERT FISHER

This handsome lad with style and taste
Oft' in the glass doth peep;
To right his dark and wavy hair
That he his charm may keep.

DONALD GERRISH

Doc is somewhat a ladies' man,
In society he has his place,
And of all the names he's ever heard
He prefers the name of Grace.

ESTER GOTTARDI

She has not long been with us,
Yet in our hearts she's found a place,
By her friendly disposition
And her kindly smiling face.

MABEL HAUGHEE

Love may be blind, but we are not,
And from a slight detection,
We have found that a senior lad
Claims Mabel's true affection.

HEBER HAUN

He was never known to study
For, to him books are a bore;
But his well-known occupation
Is to sleep from nine to four.

GLENN JACKSON

Glenn is a maid of talent
Which lies in several lines.
Her willing work and counsel
Has helped us all at times.

MARY JACKSON

Just a plain old-fashioned girl
With plain old-fashioned ways.
But still her merry twinkling eye-
Her cheerful heart portrays.

MARY JONES

Laughing and always happy
She's a friend to everyone.
All those annoying tricks she play-
ed
She did "just for fun."

HERBERT KELTZ

This young man hailed from the country,
A typical farmer to date;
He opens his mouth quite often,
For he speaks when he's something to state.

ANTHONY KIRSCH

Perhaps you've not heard of this senior,
So I'll introduce him to you;
Tony's somewhat a noted musician
And quite a famed artist too.

PAUL KUTCH

Paul is another musician,
And is known as a sturdy guard;
To name one that's been more faithful,
I'm sure you will find it hard.

VIVIAN LLEWELLYN

Her mind has long been settled
As to what she will do,
When she says goodbye to C. H. S.
For with studying she'll be thru.

MARGARET McCORMICK

Behold this lady, mark you well,
She's well read and dignified,
That her personality won us all
Is not to be denied.

KATHERINE McGRATH

She desires to be a professoress
Of Latin, I believe;
The stage would suit her better
Unless her ways deceive.

DOM MARKETTO

A great master of music,
His desire is to be;
Already he is not unlike
The world famed Paderewski.

WAYNE MARTIN

Just why Wayne went to school
And why he studied so,
Is more than we could figure out.
But now we think we know.

MARIE MILBOURN

She'll make a clever "stenog"
As you can plainly see,
But THIS occupation
We don't think her's will be.

RUTH MOONEY

She never seems to care at all
If things go right or wrong,
She simply giggles, come what may,
And is merry the whole day long.

SARA PEYTON

And here's still another violinist,
With musicians our class is blessed,
Diligently seeks knowledge and learning,
And struggles and strives with the rest.

ILA REDMON

Firm in opinion, always right (?)
Like a woman, she has her way;
She's destined to be, or so we've heard,
A lawyer's wife, some day.

JENNIE REEVE

She came to school for just one thing,
And that was but to learn,
For society or companionship
She never seems to yearn.

CHRISTINA REIBER

Toward her peaceful home life,
I think you'll find,
That this blue-eyed lassie
Is strongly inclined.

JESSIE RIPPY

You may call her "Grandma"
If you don't know her well,
But by appearances and actions,
You just can't always tell.

ESTHER ROHNER

With deep brown eyes and wavy
hair,
And her enamp little smile,
You will admit to us, I'm sure,
You rather like her style.

ARTHUR RUBY

A shy bashful fellow
Who hardly speaks a word,
He likes a blue-eyed Senior best,
At least so we've heard.

MARTHA SALISBURY

This tall and slender black-eyed
lass
Is quaint and very queer,
But when you know her quiet ways
You'll think she's just a dear.

SYLVIA SINGLETON

She's downhearted about nothing,
"I should worry," her motto is,
She has a smile for every one,
And we always call her "Sis."

HELEN SMART

"Skinny" is just like the women,
To talk is her one delight;
She always likes to argue,
For she always knows she's
right.

ARMINTA SPENCER

She's one of our class of '21
That even looked down on Zin,
But ask her why and she will say,
"Why I'm two feet taller than him."

CLARICE STEVENS

What shall we say about Clarice,
This maid with eyes of blue?
Her interests always fly northward,
But I'm sure they stop at Fairview.

MARGRET STIBER

Black are her eyes, as shining jet
And blacker still her hair,
A more cunning sort of vamp
You'll not find anywhere.

HARRY STICKLE

This youth of manly stature
Is an athlete of fame,
Without him, we do not think,
Our team would be the same

LEHMAN SWINEHART

His thoughts are often far away
From books and studies too,
Yet still, he's done his duty well,
To C. H. S. been true.

DOROTHY TRASTER

This one of our model class
Is gayest of the gay,
A little bit of sunshine,
That drives all care away.

HAROLD WEBSTER

He studies some in Shorthand,
In History he's all right;
But he just can't remember dates,
(He has one every night).

MAE WILSON

Her talk is full of mirth and wit,
That makes us sit and wonder
If we will ever like her be,
And never make a blunder.

ANNE WINSTANLEY

You'll find acquaintance well worth while
With this modest, brown-eyed lass,
She came across the briny deep,
To join our illustrious class.

RUTH WOOD

She's usually very quiet,
But has made for herself friends,
It's only toward the weaker sex
That her inclination tends.

Senior Class History

If the good citizens of Clinton had peeped from behind their window curtains on a certain sunny September morn, in the year of 1917, they would have seen several groups of boys and girls, each going in the same direction, which led, of course, to Clinton High School. On the faces of some were expressions of expectation and awe, while on others were looks of quiet resignation. But upon every brow rested the imprint of intelligence and wisdom.

Thus did our great class enter into Clinton's Hall of Knowledge. At first, we received no great attention from the rest of the school, except from the teachers, who greatly delighted in venting their sarcasm on our innocent heads. Many of us made the usual Freshman blunders, greatly to the amusement of the upper classmen.

But this did not last long, and we began to show our independence. We elected our class officers: President, Pete Beno; vice-president, Elizabeth Brown; secretary-treasurer, Donald Gerrish, and began to get our affairs into form. At the same time we chose our class colors, purple and white.

We greatly astonished and delighted the Juniors by inviting them to go on a hayrack ride to the Krekler farm. After that, our greenness did not seem so vivid, at least in the eyes of the Juniors.

A year rolled by taking with it the sorrows and heartaches of the previous year. Again it was September, but this time we went with eagerness to participate in the joys of the "first day of school." Old friends met with joyous greeting and were soon engaged in the pleasure of relating to each other everything which had happened during vacation.

We soon began our daily toil, which, I am happy to say, was greatly enlightened by the beaming countenance and jovial smile of our new principal, Chas. Zimmerman. It was through his keen foresight that the Board of Control was organized. The two honored members who represented our class were Pete Beno and Glenn Jackson.

During the second semester we moved from our old home and began life in the new one. When we had settled down, we determined to elect our officers. This we did, with the following result: President, Ruth Wood; vice-president, Margret Stiber; secretary-treasurer, Wayne Martin.

Through the patience of our president and other members of the class, we greatly entertained the school with the amusing play entitled, "Sing a Song of Seniors." It was also during this year that we gave the first of the series of "kid parties" which are now invading the sacred precincts of C. H. S. All the teachers seemed to enjoy themselves and some of them looked more natural in their "kiddish garments" than otherwise.

When we came back to begin our Junior year, several of our fellow classmen were missing. Whether they found it hard to keep in the straight

and narrow path of Knowledge, and were tempted into the bypaths leading to Ignorance, or whether they were forced to stay away from the alluring charm of school life, it is hard to say.

During this year, the novelty of our new home soon vanished, and we began to feel at home, especially when our dear principal read the rules to us, which usually began with "Don't." But, of course, he couldn't intend to be so strict with our class, for he knew how we all liked him.

Our Junior class officers were: President, Pete Beno; vice-president, Mary Burgan; secretary-treasurer, Glenn Jackson. Pete later resigned and Mary Burgan was elected president, and Lehman Swinehart, vice-president. Sylvia Singleton and Wayne Martin represented our class in the Board of Control.

During the course of the year, we gradually attained some of the dignity which, by rights, is a peculiar heritage of the Senior class.

We greatly delighted and pleased the Senior class and Mr. Zimmerman, and incidentally the rest of the school, by showing them how to act when being graduated in our Class Chapel, which was a Mock Commencement. We felt ourselves greatly rewarded by the applause and also the thanks which we received from the Senior class.

During this year our school took more interest in athletics. Our class had the honor of having several of its members on the squad.

The Junior-Senior Banquet which we gave that year was a decided success. At first the Junior girls were inclined to argue over the tremendous question of "What shall we wear?" while the boys sat passively by and listened. After several arguments and petty quarrels they finally managed to agree on one thing. All the ill-feeling was soon forgotten under the charm of good will which hovered over our class during this time.

Thus, under this charm, with a feeling of comradeship, we left our Junior year, which immediately became a pleasant memory, and walked proudly to meet the pains and pleasures of our last year.

Once more we turned with gladness to pick up the thread of school-life, which we had broken the previous spring. But deep in our hearts, mingling with this gladness, was a queer little ache as we remembered that we would come back no more.

The wheels of school-life ran smoothly under the skillful hands of our principal, and our life was made easy, compared to the trials of the other classes. But then, what else could you expect?

The first thing of any importance which we did, was to elect our class officers: President, Harry Stickle; vice-president, Wayne Martin; secretary-treasurer; Pete Beno. Esther Rohner and Hubert Fisher represented us in the Board of Control. After that our school life was placid except now and then when some trifling trouble disturbed our tranquility.

Contrary to the precedent set by other classes, we decided to send for

our class rings the first of the year, so enabling us to wear them during our Senior year. There was some spirited argument over this momentous question, which was finally settled to every one's satisfaction.

This year our football squad became more famous than ever before, and everyone in C. H. S. was proud to know that he backed such a team. Two of Clinton's boys were placed on the "All-State Football Team," and our class was proud to know that one of those boys was our classmate, Herbert Keltz. Several other boys in our class made good records on the squad. Then in basketball, we were faithfully represented and those boys did not fail to keep up the standard of our class. "Owen Curtis and Paul Kutch were members of the Wabash Valley Championship Team," and the Senior class felt proud of the glory they had achieved.

The Senior class play, "The Return of Hi Jinks," was a decided success. It was given at the Capitol theatre on the night of March 30, and an extremely full house enjoyed the talent of the Senior class.

THE CAST:

Hi Jinks	Wayne Martin
Obadiah Jinks	Harold Webster
Solomon Bloomer	Hubert Fisher
Thomas Hodge	Donald Gerrish
Henry Shorter	Owen Curtis
George Davis	James Balch
Mimi Mayflower	Sylvia Singleton
Bedelia Norris	Esther Rohner
Thyrza Judson	Helen Smart
Emily Snodgrass	Verne DeMasters
Minnie Graham	Mary Burgan
Mrs. Rogers	Ila Redmon
Mrs. Bumpsky	Margaret McCormick
Evangeline Slater	Glenn Jackson

The Latin department of our high school is sending two representatives to participate in the Second Annual Bi-State Latin Championship Contest, to be held under the auspices of the Latin club of the Louisville Male High School, April 15, 1921. This contest is open to students of Kentucky and Indiana high schools. Anselle Davis, a Junior, and Margret Stiber, a Senior, were chosen as contestants to represent Clinton High School.

Thus will our Senior year come to close, in a whirl of festivities, the delight of boy and girl hearts. All of us will be preparing for another stepping stone in Life. But amid all this bustle, there will be a thought which repeatedly asserts itself, one that brings a blur in our happiness, "We are leaving C. H. S." So with many a backward look at the school-life busily continuing beneath the banners of Gold and Black, we say "Adieu," and turn away, eager to take our part in Life.

ANNE WINSTANLEY, '21.

CLASS PROPHECY

So, classmates, in this prophecy,
If you're not as you wish to be:
Just remember it's all in fun,
Just the prophecy of 'twenty-one.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 25, 1941.

Dear Doc:

Well, Old Top, I suppose you think I've completely forgotten you, but you'll accept a good explanation, won't you? Well, I've been making a tour of the branch studios and offices of the states and really haven't had time to eat or sleep. Say, Doc, you remember me telling you about giving Esther Rohner a tryout at Hollywood, don't you? Well, anyway, she's made a regular hit and her first picture has been taken and is being developed and will hit the circuit in a month, so watch for it. I've had the biggest surprises of my life on this trip. Just think of it, I've met every one of the class of twenty-one! It may take me two or three hours, but I've got to tell you about the whole bunch. My first great surprise was when I was driving between Terre Haute, Ind., and Clinton, Ind., and I had a blow-out at Lyford; you remember that notable city, don't you? Well, anyway, I had a blow-out there and was laboring away at the tire when I heard the approach of a wagon and naturally looked up and there, coming in a dilapidated wagon drawn by a horse that would have made a good coat rack, was Lake Brookbank. He did not recognize me until he came closer, but when he did he sure did yell, and wasn't a bit happier than I, because it sure did me a lot of good. He made me go home with him, refusing to tell me all the way who the wife was. Well, then came another surprise, for when I came to the house I saw a woman and two children coming to meet us, and guess who! It was Sarah Payton, and the two youths were the rest of the family. As I was in a hurry I cut our conversation short and came on into Clinton, you know, that good old place where we struggled in the old brick building for four long years.

Sure made me feel good to get back to the old town, at that. Several of our old classmates were still there. I saw Anthony Kirsch playing on the corner, Pete Beno was selling hot tamales on the street. Say, what do you know about Jim Balch! He set his fertile brain to work and invented a household necessity called the "Late Riser's Necessity." It laces your shoes, ties your tie, and combs your hair in two minutes. He sold the patent for a million and gets a royalty besides. I saw lots of people I knew, but just the ones I mentioned of the class of '21. I saw Lehman Swinehart in Newport. He was running the city saw mill. Mary Evans, Anne Winstanley, and Clarice Stevens were members of the Ladies' Aid Society; all were still single, with a leap year three years ahead.

I went on to Chicago and, having three or four hours leisure time I took

in the "Follies," and to my surprise I saw Glenn Jackson as the "main bill." Mary Jones and Jessie Rippy were also in the chorus. I went to the stage door thinking of getting a chance to get to see Glenn, but there was a line of "dolled up" boys a block long, so I gave up the idea and went to the hotel, and there I saw Harold Webster shining shoes. I was walking down LaSalle street and stopped to buy a paper from a small boy who was yelling, "Papers!" at a pitch of C sharp. When I bought the paper he had such a big smile that I just had to say something to him, so I said, "Sonny, you have some voice," and he replied, "Yeh, I guess I inherited it from paw—he's train caller at the Union," and for curiosity's sake I asked who his father was, and he said, "Herbert Keltz," and then I did ask questions, and to my surprise I found that the mother was Minnie Buffo. Well, Doc, the surprises did me good and I hated to leave the place.

My next stop was Denver, Colorado, and there I found some more of our lost tribe. Paul Kutch was running a peanut stand, with a partner named Dom Marketto, selling "Hot Dogs." Marie Milbourn, Desree Bartmess and Mae Wilson were in the Old Ladies' Home of Denver. Gilbert Cluder ran a curio shop in Denver, and one particular curio of the hundreds caught my eye. It was the old pencil sharpener that used to be in the assembly. Do you remember it? The one that made so much noise.

My next surprise came in New Orleans, where I saw Owen Curtis, who had just returned from South America. Owen had acquired a large fortune selling corn remedies and tooth brushes to the natives of South America. Another one of the tribe was there selling horse radish on the streets; that was Wayne Martin. I ran into two more of our gang, Jennie Reeve and Christina Reiber, who were selling encyclopedias. Say, Doc, I believe most of the feminine sex of our class belong to the "Men Haters' Society," as most of them are single and have few opportunities, and leap year only comes every four years.

I next saw Margret Stiber and Vivian Llewellyn in Little Rock, Ark. They were leaders in the "Purity League" there. Harry Stickle was minister and was making a big hit with the "Purity League." I saw Ester Gottardi, Katherine McGrath and Ruth Wood in Memphis, Tennessee. They had charge of the Salvation Army headquarters there. Say, I saw Sylvia Singleton in Minneapolis. She was with a dramatic troupe, playing at the Breezy theatre. I think she got her start from our class play in '21. Remember? She is playing the part of the cold-hearted vamp—You know the kind. I saw Arthur Ruby in the Zoological Gardens. He was taking care of the apes. He seems to be perfectly at home. Just out of Minneapolis I found three ladies living in a small bungalow. These three persons were Margaret McCormick, Madge Brown and Ila Redmon. Well, Doc, it was sure some surprise. All were disappointed in love and it was a sad, sad story that each

had to tell. Ila said Bob had fallen in love with a Hawaiian dancer and had gone to Honolulu. Margaret said Fred and she had been engaged for some time when the climax came. He came to a dinner that she had prepared all by her lonesome, and was sick for a week afterwards, then he gently informed her he had changed his mind. Madge had fallen in love with a paper hanger, who had gone to Europe for his health, and had never returned. I saw Dorothy Traster, Mary Jackson and Mary Charles in Cincinnati, Ohio, still waiting, each with a finger ready for the wedding band. They told me they had advertised for a nice husband, but it was all in vain. I saw Mary Burgan in Dayton, Ohio. She was walking along the street pulling a wagon with a basket of clothes in it. She, also, had been disappointed in love and had given up and had started to take in washings.

I saw Helen Smart, Ruth Mooney, Arminta Spencer and Verne DeMasters in Louisville, Ky. They ran a "hash house" called "The Louisville Slumberland." Well, I thought my surprises were over, but was surprised again, for I found Heber Haun at Long Beach, only thirty miles from Los Angeles. He was life guard on the beach and he sure was making a hit with the female bathers. They all called him the perfect 38.

Well, Doc, you don't know how much good all this did me and I sure hated to get back home. Say, you asked me in your last letter if I ever expected to get married. I guess not, Doc. I think I was meant to be single. Well, old boy, I must close and run over some scenarios. Give my love to Grace and "Doc," Jr.

I remain, as ever,

HUBERT FISHER.

Senior Catalogue

	Name	Favorite Expression	Characteristic
1	James Balch, "Jazz"	Now John!	Seriousness
2	Desree Bartness, "Dee Bee"	I just thought I'd die laughing	Giggling
3	Peter Beno, "Pete"	What's the matter with you	Independence
4	Lake Brookbank, "Brookie"	What am I doing?	Dimpling smiles
5	Madge Brown, "Brownie"	Oh, Gee!	Laughing
6	Minnie Buffo, "Min"	Gosh!	Her love for our school
7	Mary Burgan, "Molly"	You never can tell!	A winning smile
8	Mary Charles, "Charlie"	By Durn!	Her personality
9	Gilbert Cluder, "Bert"	O Dear!	Bashfulness
10	Owen Curtis, "Curt"	That's all right Doc!	Bluffing
11	Verne DeMasters, "Frenchie"	You'll never know	Curls
12	Mary Evans, "May"	I don't know	Silence
13	Hubert Fisher, "Fish"	Speaking of insects, how's your ants (Aunts)?	Stubbornness
14	Donald Gerrish, "Doc"	Why, Gee Whiz!	A graceful walk
15	Ester Gottardi, "Smiler"	—or something	Wisdom
16	Mabel Haughee, "Mab"	My Land!	Studying
17	Heber Haun, "Hebe"	Gosh Darn!	His green sweater
18	Glenn Jackson, "Jack"	Go Chase Yourself!	Beauty and brains
19	Mary Jones, "Polly"	Gee! I'm mad!	An auburn-colored temper
20	Mary Jackson	Oh Heavens!	Golden silence
21	Herbert Keltz, "Herb"	Oh Gee! Say Gee!	Good looks and dimple
22	Paul Kutch, "Kutchie"	Aw! Bolsheviki!	Sportsmanship
23	Vivian Llewellyn, "Vee"	Crumb!	Positiveness
24	Margaret McCormick, "Peg"	Say Doc!	Love affairs
25	Catherine McGrath, "Katie"	Hello Sweetie!	Her dancing

	Hobby	Ambition	Will Be	Imagine Them
1	Making love...	Proprietor of a "Cash Inn"	A hen-pecked hubby	With his mouth shut
2	Making divinity	To swim and dance	A snake charmer	When she spilled the beans
3	Winking	Statesman	Butcher	Hungry on a desert island
4	Acting bashful	King of Hawaii	Ukelele player	Proposing
5	Capturing a Wm.	To be popular	Circus rider	With her lessons
6	Pecking on a typewriter	A business lady	Lawyer	A second Jane Addams
7	Airplanes	To be something unusual	Cashier at Gillis'	Afraid of a mouse
8	Knowledge	To be married	Fooled	Scrub woman
9	Holding hands in History class	Farmer	One	At the Mikado
10	Arguing for whiskey	Senator	A dealer in chickens	Gentle and sisterly
11	Poetry	Anthoress	A pretty little dairy-maid	With oily black hair
12	Pick and Hunt System	To be married	Will be	As a chorus girl
13	Stunting around with a new girl	"Build a Sweet Little Nest Somewhere in the West"	Long-haired saxophone player	Friendless, homeless, and homely
14	Having a place in society	Doctor	Black face comedian	As a shoe-black
15	Being nice to him	Latin Teacher	Artist's model	As Carmen
16	Being with Harry	Teacher	The boss in the home	With dimples
17	Buggy riding	Lawyer	Founder of Home for Homeless Cats and Dogs	A dancing teacher
18	Music and "Q"	Music director	Chief dish and bottle washer at the City Restaurant	Curlless
19	Making Shorthand short	A woman juror	A dear wife	Without friends
20	Going to church	Music teacher	A Mack Sennett bathing beauty	Keeping up with the fashions
21	Being an all-state man	An all-American tackle	Tyrannical husband	Like Tom Thumb
22	Acting up	To be handsome	A second Kreisler	In love
23	Driving a Dodge	Anything but a housekeeper	But will be one	Without Laverne
24	Keeping track of him	Dancing teacher (She already has one pupil)	Society lady	With her hair on curlers
25	Winning prizes	An ideal wife	Dean in women's school	Riding a bicycle

Name	Characteristic	Favorite Expression
26 Marie Milbourn, "Milly"	My Gosh!	Good shorthand
27 Dom Marketto	I'm a son of a gun!	Musical talent
28 Ruth Mooney	Slush!	Blushing
29 Sara Peyton, "Sallie"	I'll say!	Quietness
30 Ila Redmon, "I"	Doesn't worry me any	Intelligence
31 Jennie Reeve, "Jane"	I don't care!	Indifference
32 Christina Reiber, "Dutch"	Oh Land!	Silence
33 Jessie Rippy, "Juicy"	Oh Henry!	Loyalty
34 Esther Rohner, "Connie"	Doesn't worry me any	Pep
35 Arthur Ruby, "Art"	Cut that noise	Friendliness
36 Martha Salisbury, "Marfa"	Piffle!	Sedateness
37 Sylvia Singleton, "Sis"	Oh, I don't care!	Witty sayings
38 Helen Smart, "Skinner"	Darn!	Eagerness
39 Clarice Stevens, "Mickey"	Oh Laws!	Primping
40 Margret Stiber, "Margie"	Say Kiddo!	Vamping
41 Arminta Spencer, "Spinner"	Ye Gods!	Height
42 Harry Stickle, "Stick"	Oh h——!	Presidency
43 Lehman Swinehart, "Lee"	Aw, go on!	Willingness
44 Dorothy Traster, "Dot"	Cheese and crackers!	Sunshininess
45 Harold Webster, "Molly"	Gee Whiz!	Fidgetiness
46 Mae Wilson, "Mary Ellen"	I never laughed so much in all my life!	Good humor and laughter
47 Ann Winstanley, "Nan"	Ye Gods!	Steadiness
48 Ruth Woods, "Rastus"	Heck-Himmel!	Modesty
49 Anthony Kirsch, "Tony"	Shake a leg!	Industriousness
50 Wayne Martin, "Waynie"	For example—	Popularity with the girls (?)

	Hobby	Ambition	Will Be	Imagine Them
26	Going auto rid-ing	"Stenog"	A farmer's wife	At our parties
27	Driving a Ford	A second Paderewski	Will be one	In Zim's shoes
28	Proclaiming her Irish	Nurse	One	Keeping a secret
29	Playing the violin	To be wealthy	A minister's wife	Spooning
30	"Robert Pearl"	A bungalow and a cook	Heart smasher	Cooking for a large family
31	Avoiding boys	Bookkeeper	Leader in Salvation Army	As a second Irene Castle
32	Walking	"Stenog"	Married	Without glasses
33	Nature	Married	A school teacher in Lyford	In the Follies
34	Dancing	Toe dancer	Soda jerker	A farmer's wife
35	His Catherine	Engineer	A popular mechanic	Eating spaghetti
36	Making fudge	A success	A taxi driver (Buick, of course)	Flirting
37	Skipping (in both senses)	Actress	A dear little wife	In a convent
38	To be with Minnie and Clarice	An artist	A spiritualist	With cork screw curls
39	Love in the Capitol	To have a diamond	Kindergarten teacher	Smoking
40	Short skirts	To be engaged before she is "40"	Movie star	With golden hair
41	Laughin' at something in History	Professor	Suffragette	As ballet dancer
42	Acting unconcerned	A model husband	Bugologist	Green socks and "yeller" tie
43	Driving the Chandelier (?)	An undertaker	A seller of brooms	With red hair
44	Doing something	To go to "Chi"	A virtuous vamp	Making mud cakes
45	Keeping Lulu May in good humor	To be an animal trainer	Tamer of wild women	Tall and thin
46	Spelling matches	"Stenog"	Married after long affair	With a dirty face
47	Having her lessons	Brilliant teacher	Matron of reform school	Riding an ostrich
48	Acting kiddish	Teacher	Christie comedy star	Flunking
49	Drawing Venus	Chiropractor	Drummer in a ten cent show	With nose ring
50	Making eyes	All-Am. athlete	One of the "54"	Timid

CLASS WILL

We, the Senior Class of 1921, having just passed one of the greatest tests of mankind, and having secured our long desired object, a diploma, in order to make a just distribution of our most cherished possessions, do ordain, establish and declare this to be our last will and testament.

1—We will our trophy, which we won in the tournament, to the school, provided the school gives it an honored place in the trophy room.

2—To Mr. McReynolds, we will the privilege of making speeches to the assembly, provided said assembly doesn't have "sleeping sickness as a result.

3—To Mr. Zimmerman we bequeath the honor of holding conferences with his beloved students every morning, noon, and evening.

4—To the Faculty we will the right of purchasing a barrel of red ink, to be divided equally among them, provided that they refuse to give any of it to the Juniors.

5—We will the Juniors the right and honor of occupying our seats in the assembly, provided said Juniors apply our motto, "Work and No Play," to good advantage.

6—To the Sophomores we bequeath the right to "Lord it" over the Freshmen.

7—To the Freshmen we will the honor of becoming Sophomores, so that they won't be so contemptible in the eyes of the Seniors.

8—Pete Beno bequeaths his C. H. S. ring to Faye Meyer, because he doesn't care for it.

9—Mary Charles wills her copy of "Macbeth" the right to go to the show.

10—Verne DeMasters wills her hair, which is very straight (?), to Mildred Machin, who is longing for straight hair.

11—Anthony Kirsch and Paul Kutch will their ability as violinists to John McDonald and William Burton, providing they secure positions at the Capitol.

12—Jessie Rippy grants Minnie Nicholson the right to read her letters from that fellow in the north part of the city, providing she promises not to tell what they contain.

13—Lehman Swinehart and Donald Gerrish will Ralph Anderson and Paul Shaff their seats on the front row at the Capitol, provided they promise to wear dark glasses.

14—Martha Salisbury wills her love for speeding to Skinny Risher.

15—Clarice Stevens grants all her knowledge of Fords to Thelma Rhoads.

16—Heber Haun, "the blue-eyed vamp," wills his green sweater to Freda Farrington, provided she wears it on Sundays only.

17—Herbert Keltz wills his horse and buggy to Grant Nichols and Marguerite Biggins, provided they do not travel on the country roads.

18—Hubert Fisher wills his "Harold Lloyd spectacles" to Freddie Frazier, provided he becomes a movie star.

19—Desree Bartmess grants Dorothy Tribble the right of attending matinees at the Capitol, provided "Zim" does not catch on.

20—Margret Stiber wills her ability to vamp the boys to Derexa Pentreath.

21—Mae Wilson, Dorothy Traster, and Vivian Llewellyn will Elizabeth Holvey, Lorene Rayce, and Verah Davis the right of parading on Main street after school, provided they don't skip any ninth periods.

22—Glenn Jackson bequeaths her list of "Foods Guaranteed to Make Fat People Slim," to "Skinny" Risher and "Slats" Slater, provided they eat only those foods.

23—Christina Reiber wills her quiet and unassuming manner to Helen Perry, for whom we wish to save trouble in the future.

24—Esther Rohner wills her ability of stunting around with another girl's fellow, to Helen Strain.

25—Harold Webster grants "Brick" Krekler the entire right of "kidding" a certain commercial teacher.

26—Ester Gottardi wills her noisiness (?) to Doris Stogsdill, provided she keeps up her reputation.

27—Margaret McCormick grants Edna Carter the privilege of vamping the Freshman boys, if she promises not to vamp Fred Blower.

28—Lake Brookbank wills his knowledge of certain places which sell cider (?) to Herschel Wright.

29—James Balch wills all of his books to anybody who is willing to make as good grades as he has.

30—Arthur Ruby wills John McDonald the privilege of escorting a certain Sophomore to basketball games.

31—Anne Winstanley bequeaths her knowledge of French to Henry Moore, provided he shares that knowledge with one particular Sophomore.

32—Owen Curtis wills his ability of "knocking down" to Ernest Warden, provided said Ernest shares half the profits with Wilbur Church.

33—Sylvia Singleton wills her ability as a basketball player to Christina Johnson, provided said Christina doesn't lose her false hair.

34—Helen Smart and Arminta Spencer respectively bequeath Annabel Payton and Melissabelle Ralston their surplus weight (?) and height.

35—Madge Brown wills her dancing ability to Florence Burke, provided she doesn't get so enthused that she would want to attend the Moose dances.

36—Gilbert Cluder wills his beauty to Pete Buffo. Miss Schoolfield and Mr. Carithers have told Gilbert of his beauty.

37—Harry Stickle wills his fame as president of Senior class to anyone who cares for it.

38—Marie Milbourn wills her method of "Making One's Hair Look Pretty," to Loraine Walker.

39—Dom Marketto gives his position as assistant professor of music at the Bradshaw Conservatory of Music to Robert Webster, who is progressing wonderfully along that line.

40—Ruth Mooney wills her optimistic (?) disposition to Beulah Patterson.

41—Sara Payton and Mable Haughee will all the commercial law that they have learned to Mr. Carithers, who, it is feared, needs it.

42—Minnie Buffo wills her sure and efficient remedy for removing freckles to Erma Murray.

43—Mary Jackson bequeaths her knowledge of the country to Hubert Marshall.

44—Mary Jones gives her surplus (?) knowledge of chemistry to Lorene Rayce.

45—Kathryn McGrath wills her knowledge of the Mikado dancing academy to Catherine Stultz, provided said Stultz applies it to good advantage.

46—Jennie Reeve wills all her surplus material on the science of cooking to Mabel Mills.

47—Ruth Wood bequeaths her ambition to become a movie star to Charles Smith.

48—Wayne Martin wills his "Virgil" to Mrs. Johnson, provided she doesn't sell it.

49—Mary Burgan wills her fascinating smile to Ina Houser, provided she uses it to good advantage on the under-classmen.

50—Mary Evans gives her knowledge of "How to Get Through High School Quickly" to Foster Prall, provided said Foster needs it.

51—Ila Redmon wills her ability to carry six subjects and make "A" in all of them to Robert Bence, Freshman.

Done at Clinton High School, this 30th day of May, nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

Witness, this instrument was signed, acknowledged and declared on oath by said Class of 1921, to be their last will and testament in our presence and was subscribed to by us.

GEORGIA VAN LIEU, '22

HAROLD MILLS, '22

SENIOR ALPHABET

A is a letter that is not in our class,
So we'll just have to let it pass.

B is for Balch, Brown, Burgan and Beno,
Also for Brookbank, Bartmess and Buffo.

C stands for Charles, Cluder and Curtis,
We're very glad to have had them with us.

D is for DeMasters, her name is Verne,
A demure little maid of poetic turn.

E is for Evans, also known as Mary,
But she isn't the sort you would call contrary.

F stands for Fisher, a man who's tall,
Whenever girls meet him they're sure to fall.

G stands for Gottardi, a sweet little lass,
Also for Gerrish, the dude of the class.

H is for Haun, who is from the country,
Also for Mabel, whose last name is Haughee.

I is for Intelligence, everywhere,
And this class certainly has its share.

J stands for Jackson, both Mary and Glenn,
Also for Jones, a good true friend.

K is for Kutch, also Kirsch and Keltz,
These are enough without anyone else.

L is for Llewellyn; yes, Vivian's her name,
Whenever you find her, she's always the same

M is for Mooney, Marketto, and Milbourn,
McCormick, McGrath, and also Wayne Martin.

N is for the Nerve, you find in this class,
There's plenty of it, in each lad and lass.

O is for Old, and Out-of-Date,
But none of the Seniors possess this fate.

P is for Payton, so timid and shy,
She never stops to question why.

Q is the Quality of us all,
The short, the fat, the lean, and the tall.

R is for Reeve, Rohner and Ruby,
Also for Redmon, Reiber and Rippy.

S is for Stickle, Stevens, Stiber and Swinehart,
Also for Salisbury, Singleton, Spencer and Smart.

T is for Traster, we call her Dot,
She may seem shy, but we know she's not.

U is for Union, without it we'd fall,
But we are united—Yea, one and all.

V is for Victory, we've come out on top,
We're a plucky bunch of Seniors, now don't say we're not.

W is for Winstanley, Webster and Wood,
Also for Wilson, whose class work is good.

X is for X-cellent, we all are that,
For we always get our lessons down pat.

Y is for Youth, we are as young as can be,
Just look over our pictures and you can see.

Z is for Zimmerman, our Principal and Friend,
Who has helped us these years, from beginning to end.

MILDRED MACHIN, '22.

JUNIORS

JUNIORS

Class President ..... Ernest Warden

Vice-President ..... Marguerite Biggins

Secretary-Treasurer ..... Van Reeder

Faculty Adviser ..... Lulu May Schoolfield

CLASS ROLL

Anderson, Ralph
Ave, John
Ave, Tony
Beaty, Ellan
Biggins, Marguerite
Bozarth, Eva
Brann, Thelma
Brown, Mary
Buffo, Pete
Carter, Edna
Church, Wilbur
Cooper, William
Davis, Anselle
Dean, Lola
Donzero, John
Eaton, Leone
Gioanini, Catherine
Glover, Mabel
Gosnell, Dorothy
Griffin, Ruth
Holvey, Elizabeth
Houser, Ina
Hutton, Lucille
James, Carl
Johnson, Christina
Johnson, Loretta
Krekler, Warren
Lewis, Lucille
Llewellyn, Bessie
Lyons, Bernice
Machin, Mildred
Macnair, George
Marshall, Hubert
Martin, Alfred
Martin, Willis
McDonald, John
Miller, Dain
Mills, Harold
Mills, Mabel
Moss, Katherine
Murdock, Charles
Murray, Erma
Myer, Faye
Newport, Helen
Newton, Ben
Nicholson, Minnie
Payton, Annabel
Phillips, Lena
Prall, Foster
Rayce, Lorene
Reeder, Van
Robertson, Minetta
Slater, Robert
Smith, Charles
Sollars, Emaline
Thomas, Rachel
Train, Marion
Tribble, Dorothy
Uhrin, John
Van Lieu, Georgia Lee
Vaughn, Elizabeth
Vaughn, Eugene
Warden, Ernest
Webster, Robert
Weirick, Kenneth
Wilkerson, Elmer
Wilson, Elizabeth
York, Leland

SOPHOMORE.

(Gr. σοφός. = wise + μωρός. silly, foolish

SOPHOMORES

Class President ..... Louise Meyer
Vice-President ..... Warren Krekler
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Derexa Pentreath
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Johnson

CLASS ROLL

Agnew, Lucile
Beal, Emma
Benjamin, Donald
Black, Edward
Bland, Mattie
Brann, Hubert
Briggs, Ruth
Brock, Eddie
Brown, Earl
Burk, Florence
Burton, William
Carlin, Nema
Carrel, Marie
Cashner, Robert
Chambers, Margaret
Chambers, Martha
Chenhall, Thomas
Daniels, Paul
Davis, Josiah
Davis, Wilbur
Davis, Verah
Divan, Louis
Downie, Margaret
Eaton, Gladys
Eller, Wilna
Emmart, Helen
Foltz, Lloyd
Frazier, Fred
Funk, Helen
Gerrish, Wakefield
Harrison, Huram
Haughee, Marie
Hawkins, Agnes
Hays, Oscar
Hays, Raymond
Hayworth, Myrtle
Hershey, Von Waitz
Holmes, Hugh
Horr, Leona
Ingram, Neil
Johnson, Harry
Kamm, Thomas
Kennedy, Harry
Kester, Carl
La Plante, Thelma
Louden, Willard
Maddox, Paul
Marketto, Lena
Martin, Lester
Martin, Virgil
McClain, Isabel
McFate, Lee
Meyer, Louise
Moore, Henry
Nichols, Florence
Overpeck, Nitis
Owens, Anna
Peer, Pauline
Pentreath, Derexa
Perry, Helen
Plaster, Dorothy
Polony, Agnes
Prulhiere, Carl
Ralston, Melissabelle
Risher, John
Roberts, Josephine
Robertson, Louise
Rohner, Henry
Salisbury, Elva
Satterlee, William
Satterlee, Rowena
Scott, Mary
Shaff, Paul
Shew, Doyne
Shew, Emma
Shewmake, Forrest
Smart, Samuel
Stogsdill, Doris
Straw, Otto
Stultz, Catherine
Stutler, Clyde
Thomas, Lillian
Tuck, Katharine
Vale, Carl
Vietti, Pete
White, Thomas
Whittington, Edith
Wright, Herschel

FRESHMAN.

FRESHMEN

Class President	Harold Harrison
Vice-President	Margaret Davis
Secretary-Treasurer	Thelma La Plante
Faculty Adviser	Mrs. Swayne

CLASS ROLL

CLASS ROLL

Anderson, Mary
Anderson, William
Baird, Raymond
Barboline, Madeline
Barley, Leon
Beard, Frank
Bence, Robert
Bennet, Cynthia
Binole, William
Bizzy, Joe
Blower, Fred
Blower, Tom
Braner, Martha
Brazell, Russell
Bumgardner, Herschel
Buttler, Walter
Claretto, Maggie
Clarkson, Jessie
Cottrell, Averil
Craft, Margaret
Davies, Margaret
Davis, Margaret
Dicks, Carl
Doidge, Murrah
Dugger, Iris
Farrington, Freda
Faulds, Dilles
Fillinger, Virginia
Gauze, Leona
Gisolo, Dom
Glover, Jack
Goodhue, Lawrence
Griffin, Beulah
Harrison, Harold
Hayworth, Harold
Hayworth, Thelma
Hunter, John
Hutton, Helen
Ike, Richard
James, Millard
Jennings, Stillman
Johnson, Albert
Jones, Margaret
Kessler, Frances
Kisylia, George
Lanzone, Charles
LePage, Anthony
Lester, Mildred
Lewis, Russell
Lindsey, James
Little, Guy
Lowe, Tom
McNair, Mildred
McClintock, Edward
Mich, Frank
Migala, Stanley
Miles, Albert
Mitscher, Catherine
Molle, Helen
Murray, Bonsel
Murray, William
O'Hern, Julia
Patch, Margaret
Patterson, Beulah
Pavey, Beryl
Pollom, Herschel
Prall, Helen
Prulhiere, Henry
Rayce, Hazel
Reid, Eula
Rhodenbury, Helen
Ruby, Gwendolyn
Sexton, Thelma
Shannon, Eva
Shew, Irene
Short, Lemmie
Silverman, Norman
Sivak, Susan
Stone, Charles
Stone, Evelyn
Strain, Helen
Thomas, Richard
Vietti, Margariet
Walker, Loraine
Williams, Opal
Wright, Madeline
York, Anna

BOYS GLEE CLUB

GIRLS GLEE CLUB

Mary Charles
Helen Newport
Leone Eaton
Murrah Dodge
Florence Nichols
Loraine Walker
Lillian Thomas

Margaret Vietti
Katherine Tuck
Helen Smart
Thelma LaPlante
Eddie Brock
Doris Stogsdill
Miss Irma Hand

Lucile Agnew
Louise Meyer
Emma Shew
Arminta Spencer
Gladys Eaton
Beulah Patterson
Clarice Stevens

Katherine Stultz
Margaret Davis
Helen Hutton
Margaret Patch
Mildred McNair
Glenn Jackson
Josephine Roberts

Ruth Briggs
Nema Carlin
Eva Shannon
Virginia Fillinger
Dorothy Plaster

ATHLETICS


YELL!
G-G-GLIN!
N-N-TON!
STAND 'EM ON
THEIR HEAD!
YEA TEAM
LET'S
GO!
HIT 'EM HIGH!
HIT 'E.M LOW!
YEA CLINTON!
B.H.S.
RAH! RAH! RAH!
GIVE 'EM
THE AXE!

GRIDIRON ACHIEVEMENT

With a fairly good start and an exceptionally brilliant ending, the football team went through the most exciting and successful football season in the history of Clinton High School. The work was governed by a coach who understands the value of moral and physical training for a High School student. Mr. Morgan is a man who has been well liked everywhere in the community, as well as among the boys who were under his coaching. During the entire season the boys all worked hard and will always be remembered. Every game without exception was won by headwork and clean playing. The Clinton and Wabash teams were named by Heze Clark as the two best teams in the State.

SCHEDULE

September 25

Clinton, 6; Linton, 0

On account of the weather being too warm, the game was slow, but nevertheless the game was hotly contested by each team.

October 2

Clinton, 8; Garfield, 14

Although greatly outweighed and on a foreign field, Clinton had a lead of 8 to 0 in the first three quarters. But a lucky break in the game scored Garfield two touchdowns.

October 9

Clinton, 27; Brazil, 0

Brazil fought hard, but her line was clearly outclassed. Martin's end-running featured the game.

October 16

Clinton, 33; Bloomfield, 0

Bloomfield was given the worst of its two defeats of the season by Clinton.

October 30

Clinton, 32; Paris, 6

Paris fought hard during the first half of the game, but Clinton's strong comeback caused the C. H. S. veterans to bring the "bacon" home.

November 6

Clinton, 26; Sullivan, 14

Sullivan's line proved stronger than was expected and the first half ended with the score of 7-7. But during the second half the visitors could not stop the home backfield from gaining.

November 13

Clinton, 7; Robinson, 14

This game was hard fought from start to finish, but the breaks of the game went to Robinson. York's end runs and Andy's quartering were the outstanding features of the Clinton team.

Thanksgiving Day

Clinton, 54; Princeton, 0

Clinton High brought the football season to a successful close by the most decisive victory in its history, McDonald, Clinton's left end, showing exceptional qualities, and, by Jenkin's forward passing, scored four touchdowns.

'VARSITY

John McDonald, L. E. "Mac" was one of the steadiest players C. H. S. had, always being able to do his bit whether on offensive or defensive.

William Cooper, L. T. "Coop" was always in the game from the time the whistle blew and never knew the word "quit."

Louis Hawkins, L. G. "Looie," using his weight to good advantage, was an excellent guard.

George MacNair, C. MacNair was exceptionally strong on defense and was in the fight from start to finish.

Herbert Keltz, All-State R. T. Although this was his first year out, Keltz made his position through his exceptional ability to down an opponent carrying the ball. This is his last year.

Paul Kutch, R. G. Kutch was an aggressive player and mixed up in every play.

Pete Beno, R. E. Beno could grab a pass out of the air at almost any angle and was a hard fighter. He was unable to play in the last two games on account of an injured ankle.

Ralph Anderson, All-State Q. Andy showed the world that he could use his head better than any other High School quarter in the State.

Harry Stickle, L. H. Stickle was handicapped during the entire season by an ankle injured during the first nights of scrimmage.

Leland York, R. H. York's end running and line plunging proved to be a great asset to the Clinton team.

Merril Jenkins, F. B. "Six" had an excellent control of the ball when passing it to any part of the field, and was the backbone of the defensive.

Other men earning C's were: Lehman Swinehart, Wayne Martin, Charles Murdock, Lake Brookbank, Robert Slater and Hubert Marshall. Others deserving mention and not receiving C's were Van Reeder and Kenneth Weirick.

C. H. S. loses nine men from this year's squad—seven of them graduating, one quitting school and another having already played four years. But the gap will, no doubt, be admirably filled by oncoming athletes.


1
9
2
1
ALL STATE
HERBERT KELTZ
RALPH ANDERSON

ALL STATE MEN

Ralph Anderson, quarterback, and Herbert Keltz, left tackle, were chosen by Heze Clark for his All-State team. Using Mr. Clark's own words, he says: "Ralph Anderson, of Clinton, known in the western part of the State as the 'speed demon of the Wabash valley,' is the best quarterback. He is a powerful man at all stages of the game, both on offense and defense, a master of the forward pass and one of the fastest open-field runners ever seen in the lineup of a Hoosier 'prep' school."

Of Keltz, he states he is close to Stull's class, the right All-State tackle from Shortridge, who is "big, aggressive and a sure man on defense, and has no equal in opening holes in enemy lines on offense."

Anderson is game; he has no regard for a quitter. With his speed and clear, sound thinking he has brought honor to Clinton High School.

Keltz is the fellow who in the three previous years stayed on the side lines. But with a little coaxing, our powerful country lad came out on the gridiron field and unexpectedly in his first and last year of High School athletics proved to be the best left tackle in the State of Indiana.

Beno, left end, and Stickle, left half, were placed on the third All-State team.

BASKET BALL

Immediately after the football season closed, Mr. Morgan made a call for the basketball aspirants. No time was lost in getting the team together, and work was begun at once on different formations and on goal shooting. The team improved daily and by the time the first game was played it appeared to be in mid-season form, although it had been practicing but a short time.

This basketball season was an unusually successful one, and Mr. Morgan proved to be just as good a basketball coach as he is a football coach. Clinton defeated every team that it played during the season except one. Garfield won the first game by one field goal and captured the second, played at Terre Haute, by the score of 20 to 37.

Clinton proved its worth when it annexed the championship of the Wabash Valley at Terre Haute February 4 and 5. The first game was won from Bloomingdale, 25 to 10, and the second from Cayuga, 20 to 27, in an overtime game. By defeating Sullivan 17 to 13 in the semi-finals, Clinton won the right to play Freelandsville in the finals. Freelandsville started strong and piled up a substantial score before Clinton could get started. Clinton fought hard, however, and soon began to connect with the basket. Near the end of the last quarter the score was tied and Clinton broke away for three more points and won, 30 to 27.

Clinton was not permitted to play in the district tournament on account of an overlooked entry blank, although the blank was presented before the schedule was made out.

WABASH VALLEY CHAMPS, 1921

Basket Ball Schedule

December 10—C. H. S.	46	Farmersburg	5
December 14—C. H. S.	40	Staunton	7
December 17—C. H. S.	25	Bloomingdale	18
December 21—C. H. S.	18	Glenn	5
January 7—C. H. S.	20	Normal	15
January 11—C. H. S.	14	Garfield	16
January 14—C. H. S.	18	Sullivan	16
January 18—C. H. S.	47	Perrysville	18
January 21—C. H. S.	13	Brazil	19
January 28—C. H. S.	25	Rose Poly Freshmen	20

W. V. Tournament

February 4-5—C. H. S.	25	Bloomingdale	10
February 4-5—C. H. S.	20	Cayuga	17
February 4-5—C. H. S.	17	Sullivan	13
February 4-5—C. H. S.	30	Freelandsville	27
February 9—C. H. S.	20	Garfield	37
February 16—C. H. S.	15	Brazil	14
February 18—C. H. S.	30	Sullivan	22
February 25—C. H. S.	20	Normal	43
C. H. S.	443	Opponents	322

THE VARSITY

Ralph Anderson, forward. Anderson was very good on floor work and very fast. This made him a hard man to guard.

George Macnair, forward. Macnair's floor work was excellent and he never gave up fighting.

Harold Mills, center. Mills was a good shot and played equally well at center or forward.

Van Reeder. Reeder was an aggressive player and was a fighter from the start of the game until the finish.

Owen Curtis, guard. Curtis was a hard man to get past and was very good on long shots.

Paul Kutch, guard. Kutch was a good shot and a hard man for the opposing forwards to get past.

William Cooper, guard. "Bill" developed into a first-class guard and did excellent work at the tournament.

Dain Miller was the other member of the squad and he did good work at forward.

INDIVIDUAL RECORD

Player.	Field G.	Foul G.	Per. F.	Tech. F.	Points.
Anderson	46	1	7	11	93
Macnair	34	0	10	8	68
Mills	56	0	21	4	112
Reeder	6	0	7	0	12
Kutch	12	0	5	2	24
Curtis	33	52	13	2	118
Cooper	7	0	18	6	14
Miller	1	0	3	1	2

Clinton, Indiana, February 12, 1921.

Dear Joe:

A week has passed since I last heard from you. Several important things have happened during that week. The most important was the Wabash Valley Tournament. You remember, Joe, I wrote you that they were going to hold it at Terre Haute this year.

I was very sorry when I received news of your illness, and that you would be unable to attend the tournament. Never mind, Joe, I yelled enough for you. I promised you that I would write you about several of the games. So, here goes!

Our principal, Mr. Zimmerman, was kind-hearted enough to give a few of us permission to honor Terre Haute with our presence all day Friday.

The games began Friday noon at 1 o'clock. Several of the games were rather snappy, but did not hold our interest as did the 6 o'clock game when we played Bloomingdale. It started out to be a hard game, but we had them completely outclassed, so our boys were the victors. And say, Dain Miller as a sub showed some good work.

Well, so far so good. On Saturday morning we played Cayuga. All of the fellows played fine and once the outcome seemed rather doubtful—for us, that is—but while we held our breath Curtis helped out with a couple of long shots. Although it did take us an overtime game to beat them, still I think we could do it again if necessary.

Oh! I forgot, almost! Friday evening Sullivan and Staunton were to have a game, but Staunton forfeited the game to Sullivan. By the way, you know the Sullivan team is supposed to be a pretty fast bunch of boys, and a lively game was anticipated between Sullivan and our team on Saturday afternoon; but between you and me, Joe, I'll admit that the Sullivan team is fast, but ours is the faster and better of the two. Say, Joe, think of the extreme mental strain during this game, because it decided whether or not we would play in the finals. The game ended, after what seemed an eternity, with a score of 17-13 in our favor. You would have been delighted could you have seen how Cooper and Kutch played! Hurrah! Yea team!

The game between Rockville and Normal was very interesting. Everyone, or at least a great many, were surprised when Normal came out victorious. Normal's joy was shortlived, however, because after a stiff fight Glenn eliminated them.

In the next game Glenn was defeated by the Freelandsville five.

At last, the finals! The championship lay between Freelandsville and Clinton. Oh, Joe! That game was wonderful! At first the fellows couldn't see through their line, and the half ended 11-22 in their favor. The fighting spirit was up and the boys came back at them with a dogged determination to win. And Andy—well, Joe, I can't describe how he played nor his spirit, or how he kept

the fellows cheerful. The end was nearing and Freelandsville still in the lead. The cry of "Fight! Fight!" resounded from all quarters. However, Curtis and Andy began to find and hit the basket. Macnair played the floor in great style, and Reeder showed what he could do while substituting for Mills. Still they led! Two minutes more to play! How we watched them! Then Mills put a couple of goals in from the center and the championship was ours!

Well, Joe, what do you think of our team now? By the way, you ought to come over and see a game before the season ends. And talking about coaches, Mr. Morgan can't be beat. I almost forgot to tell you about Harry. You remember, Joe, that Harry is a great favorite with all the boys. He was right on the job, but, you remember, he always was.

Andy says he would like to tell you some "inside stuff," so I will let him finish this letter. Affectionately,

BESS.

Andy's postscript:

Our team is in fine condition because they trained hard the week preceding the tourney. We came back home Friday night after winning our first game with Bloomingdale and avoided all of the excitement. We went back Saturday morning and won our second game with Cayuga. Imagine what we had for dinner—grapenuts and poached eggs on toast. Then "Zim" and Morgan took us to a hotel, and, believe me, we sure felt fine after a good rub-down and a nice rest. Well, we played Sullivan that afternoon and won. We received another wonderful meal of grapenuts and poached eggs on toast. Then back to the hotel again, where we took a good shower and were rubbed down again. We were all tired and some of us had a good sleep. Well, when the time came we proceeded back to the K. of C. hall. All of us were high-spirited and ready to fight. That Freelandsville bunch were sure big, but that isn't what counts. Our endurance and fight won us that game and gave us the title of "Wabash Valley Champs."

LITERARY

DO YOU LIVE HERE?

There's a town called "Dont'-You-Worry,"
  On the banks of the river "Smile."
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
  Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
  Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er Give-Up and Patience
  Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
  In the province of I-Will,
You will find the lovely city
  At the foot of No-Fret hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
  In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
  Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

—Anonymous.

In Bed, Saturday Morning, 11 A. M., February 12, 1921.
"The Morning After the Night Before."

Dear Old Scout:

You've surely heard by this time that Clinton won the Wabash Valley championship—and, believe me, we're sure proud of our team! One of the best and most interesting celebrations we've had for the team was a High School party last night. We sure have to hand it to the faculty for throwing a *real* party.

There was a dandy big crowd of students—everyone "dolled" up in his best and the basketball fellows all wore their peachy looking gold and purple sweaters. First we were all entertained by a short program given in the Assembly by some of the High School students. One especially clever number was a basketball song composed by Miss Caffyn. The program was interspersed with yells given by the whole crowd. Then we started downstairs.

On the way down we were each given a piece of cardboard with a number on it to be matched with a corresponding number, and this boy, if you happened to be a girl, or vice versa, was your partner for the evening. I might say here that our almighty principal admitted that he left his wife at home just to get one of those cards. And then the fun began! Tall, lanky, dignified(?), sophisticated senior boys were matched up with little giggly Freshman girls, and little, green, short-pants Freshman boys got girls twice as tall as they for partners! There were a few young bashful ones who wanted to stay back in a corner, but enterprising John W. soon straightened them out.

As I said before, we went downstairs. There was held a miniature tournament made up of a contest corresponding to the Clinton games in the Wabash Valley Tournament, all laugh-producers and lots of fun.

Next we were given the privilege of entering the "Chambers of Horrors." It was all that the name implies, too—cold, slimy, prickly things and all sorts of gruesome, scary noises—enough to give anyone the nightmare.

But we soon forgot the "Horrors," for the eats came next. Um, boy! Good eats, too! Then, while we were all seated, "Zim" presented the trophy to the winners of the tournament, which honor fell to the august Seniors. The trophy was—prepare for the worst!—a shiny quart tincup with a flaming red ribbon tied on the handle! We were promised that it will occupy an honored place in our as-yet-visionary trophy room.

Take it from me, they've set a standard in High School parties which will be hard to beat. There was not a stale minute during the whole evening and everyone had an exceptionally good time.

Here's hoping for as good time in the future.

Your old pal. JACK.

THE FAILURE'S ADDRESS

Four days and seven hours ago our instructors brought forth in this building our report cards marked in red ink and dedicated to the proposition that if we didn't get to work we'd flunk. Now we are engaged in a great studious struggle and wondering how those teachers, or any teachers so conceited and so sophisticated, can long hold their jobs. We are met half way on the cause of the "F." We have come to realize that a portion of our time must be dedicated to our studies in order that those who here supply us with knowledge will let us pass. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But it requires more sense; we surely will suffocate; we cannot concentrate; we cannot study our books. The terrible tutors who tutor (toot) here have scared us so badly that it is far above our poor power to add or subtract. The school board will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we did here. (Glance at the desks.) It is for us, the failures, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who teach here have thus far so nobly(?) taught. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that for these honored teachers we shall use increased concentration on that cause to which they gave a lasting measure of red ink—that we here highly resolve that these teachers have not taught in vain, that this school under Jawn Curithers(?) shall have the same beloved faculty, and that a school of such students, by such teachers, for such students, shall not perish from overstudy.

With apologies to "Abe" Lincoln,

HAROLD MILLS, '23.

WE WONDER

Why our coach grew so tall,
While Harry, his pal, isn't tall at all.
Why Florence is so stout and thick,
And Grant more resembling a toothpick.
Why we have to come to school every day,
Tho' our parents say it's the only way.
Why we have to be tardy and get a blue slip,
Why Fred, for instance, grew hair on his lip.
We wonder why "Zim" loves his wife,
Since the coal has to be carried in every night.
Why Dorothy don't get tickled to death,
For she laugheth "purt nigh" every breath,
Why the Seniors this year aren't dignified,
Is it because they haven't tried?
Why at each and all of our basketball games,
All aren't present that the school roll names.
Where the "professor in History" got his good looks,
He surely didn't get those from History books.
And last we wonder at the wonderful world,
That's the trouble! We wonder so much we're all in a whirl.

—By Me.

THE NINTH PERIOD

In our school there's an institution,
  A lively business it runs;
Its head is Mr. Zimmerman
  And its patrons the naughty ones;
Its agents are the teachers,
  They can see from watchful eyes
Almost everything a student does.
  So take a hint from the wise,
If you miss it you are lucky.
  It gets almost everyone,
And especially the ones who think they'll skip
  And have a little fun.
"A hint to the wise is sufficient,"
  A favorite saying goes;
But some do not always take the hint
  As every student knows.
It isn't only for the boys,
  There are ladies in it, too;
So watch, my friend, your behavior
  Or a slip will be given you.

MARIE ANTONETTE, '22.

* * *

A pigeon flew to a Freshman's head,
  And settled down to drill.
He bored away for half an hour
  And almost broke his bill.

THE MODERN GIRL'S PRAYER

Dear Lord, we need you awful bad,
All we girls are lonesome and sad;
The boys are wandering far astray,
And are becoming more sophisticated every day.
They pay no attention to our sweetest smiles
(Oh! What a waste of "woman's wiles!")
The very ones we cannot bear
Are always present everywhere.
But the nice handsome fellows we'd like to share,
Go around in a "bunch" with their heads in the air,
  Oh Death!
Can't something be thought of,
Or something done,
So that each girl may "vamp,"
(Successfully), her "chosen one?"

MILDRED MACHIN, '22.

WHO'D THINK IT—

Some Note!

Dear Anne:

Did you have a very good time Fri. nite? But what's the use to ask that? Of course you did, with Hiram. The dear boy! Did you see his boutonniere (sp) this matin? I'm sure he wore it for you; for you, his idol and his hope of future happiness. Actually that boy looked so mooney this morning when you passed that I thought he was going to float? And then if he had floated into space, his eyes still fixed on you, you would have been drawn after him, because it is written in the Book of Life that your lives shall be linked together, two souls into one, two hearts worshipping one another. Oh, Anne, I do not envy you your high office—I merely look on it with awe and know that it is not for such as I. I look into the dim vista of the future and see the future Hiram that YOU have created—a Hiram with lofty ideals making a place for himself in the world of scientific agriculture, and having as his greatest grace a revering, enduring, love for his wife. I see the Anne of the future with softly silvering hair, a leader of social reforms, whom people listen to when she is present. I leave the rest of the picture to you.

But there is one blur in the picture which now clears. It is that of a silver haired old gentleman winning his own way in the world, gaining a position of trust for the government and fighting the battles of life alone. He has never married, having in his heart a hidden sorrow, a great love that has lain there always unspoken. This man who is now merely a boy or young man is in your class. You know who he is.

This is all I have to say. RUTH W.

P. S.—Wasn't I awful not to write you sooner. I felt like kicking myself downstairs like this.

JUST A NOTE

Yes, I went to the game. Uh-Huh. Had a good time, only L. W. nearly deviled the life out of me. There was a seat by Ben and she told me to get down there, but I didn't have the brass, so she got down there. Then once he asked me rite out loud if I was jealous and she almost had her arm around him once. I was sitting back of him, so I took her hand and put it on his shoulder. She croaked! Zim seemed to be giving little Waynie a bawling out. Wayne took Dolores to the supper and the game. She seems to be making quite a hit. Ans. —VEE VEE.

AIN'T IT ALL WONDROUS?

That Herb is so handsome,
And praise hain't hurt him a bit.
Oh girls! His eyebrows and dimples,
I can't keep wondering at it.
Now Stickle is so indifferent.
To everything that comes along,
Oh no, to everything but Mabel.
I was just a little wrong.
Don't you all think Oscar is cute?
He's so pleasant, cheerful and fat.
When it comes to girls Oscar is there,
You'll all agree to that.
What in the world, please tell me,
Makes Gene so devilish and mean?
In school he's a whole entertainment,
When imitating a Hula Queen.
But boys will be boys,
And they're just as vain as girls.
So I'd better not praise them too much
Or they'll think they own the world.

—Molly.

The Calendar

THE CALENDAR
SEPTEMBER

7—Back again. Freshmen get first glimpse of Mrs. Johnson.
8—Several Freshies return minus hair and eyebrows.
9—Usual cases of lost Freshmen.
10—Seniors organize. Stickle is "chief."
13—We discover the delightfulness (?) of our History teacher.
14—The latest recreation—yawn!
15—Freshmen show a few signs of civilization.
16—Juniors organize.
17—Friday—Nuf sed!
20—Mr. "Mac" seems to know more about life than the Seniors.
21—Oh! For something to break the monotony!
22—Pop! Mr. Carithers gently requests one of the Senior boys to put away his balloon.
23—Oh, girls, isn't John a romantic name!
24—Miss Shaley informs the "lunchers" to conserve their crumbs.
27—Mr. "Mac" again charms us with his presence.
28—Gene makes spit curls in English class.
29—Glenn and Gene have a postal system.

OCTOBER

1—Warning—When Esther has tickets don't let her get sight of your purse.
3—Everybody admires (?) "Zim's" new "stiff Katie."
5—Please take notice! Mrs. Johnson develops her muscles.
6—Mr. Carithers hails from the hayseed. Would you have thunk it?
7—A new fashion. Lose your fountain pen.
8—Scandal! The Fisher-Gottardi affair. We had better begin taking up a flower collection for Margaret.
11—Blue Monday.
12—Z-z z-pst! Whence the noise? Heber peacefully reposes on Anne's shoulder.
13—Mr. C. surprises us delightfully with a history test.
14—A little bird flies in the window and alights on Hiram's brains. Who was it that said Hiram's hair resembled a hen's nest?

15—Seniors order rings and pins.
16—Gilbert is "deared" by Margret Stiber. Don't get excited, Gilbert, it's a habit with her.
19—Bob W. goes a-crusading for pins. Oh, why were nails (and girls) ever invented.
20—We get our cards. The faculty ought to take a course in conservation (of red ink).
25—Evidently "John" isn't the succumbing sort.
26—Mrs. Swayne gently reminds the "lunchers" that the piano has a key.
27—Horrors! Mabel H. wears a diamond.
28—From her notices Derexa appears to be getting witty.
29—We look forward to tomorrow's game—Clinton vs. Paris.

NOVEMBER

1—It is observed that our learned football star can't keep his head in a political argument. Pete, that's what Miss Shaley calls weak.
2—We have a fair visitor to English class. Owen and Wayne are observed to straighten their ties.
3—Gene quits his thrilling love-story (at Zim's request).
4—First assembly was entertained by Miss Caffyn after school.
5—Yell meet. We discover the Freshies have voices after all.
8—Gene invents a "hula hula" skirt in English class and entertains the Seniors.
9—Ernest "shakes" the latest shimmy.
10—Mr. Carithers evidently once believed in spooks. Ask Lake.
11—Everybody happy! Tonight the big yell meet!
12—Robinson game tomorrow. Hooray!
15—Ye Gods! Another new rule! No betting by Zim's request.
16—Sylvia blooms out in "kissable kurls."
17—Kenny gets a sweet reminder that when one arrives late one must have a permit.
18—Worried looks appear on some faces. Well, there is always the Wabash to resort to.
19—Miss Shaley informs the Seniors that they are to write up the big game tomorrow. Ain't it funny how some things take the joy out 'o life?
22—Same old thing in the same old way.
23—Sara Simply Scandalizes Shaley! Football is the rag chewed.
24—Tomorrow Turkey-dinner day. Zim does look sorta hungry.
29—Senior rings and pins arrive.
30—Mr. Marshall reads Macbeth for us. The under classmen seem to like funny stories better.

DECEMBER

1—A new excitement. Cough!

2—Some Senior (?)—"Why, Miss Shaley, don't you know you shouldn't say 'darned?' "

3—We wish E. W. and R. W. wouldn't talk so loudly.

6—Carithers informs Dain that one runs a railroad on a track.

7—The exclusive Ninth Period Club met this eve.

8—The cooking girls enjoy (?) themselves immensely serving a luncheon.

9—Verne proclaims that Someone likes her cute 'ittle curls. Sit tight, Dom!

10—First basketball game—Farmersburg vs. Us.

13—Merril Jenkins gets athletic prize. We discover Andy can "jabber."

14—Wanted—A bell that rings.

15—Dee and Dot entertain the "lunchers."

16—Freshman Assembly. Evidently the little dears have shed most of their greenness. Even the Sophomores admit it.

17—Miss Shaley takes a vacation, much to the grief (?) of all the English classes.

20—Heavens! Dee has a diamond. Is she spoofing?

21—Everyone wonders what "Santa Claus" is going to bring HER.

22—Out for the holidays. Hooray!

JANUARY

3—Back again. We're all wondering what Santa Claus brought "Zim"—and Miss Schoolfield.

4—And Sylvia has a diamond.

5—"Q," don't you know it isn't manners to clean your fingernails in class? Why, Mr. Carithers says it's as bad as washing your feet.

6—A thought!—When Mr. Robinson referred to ruffled hair whom was he thinking of?

7—Hooray! We put Normal on the blink, 20-15.

10—The encyclopedia table seems to be the harbor of diligence (?).

11—Mystery! Where was "John" last night, Miss Schoolfield?

12—Mike, Loraine's real purty, ain't she?
13—Will Mr. Davis ever quit teasin' his Chem. class?
14—Last day of term. At least there is no more suspense.
17—Oh-ho!-hum! Skinny yawns and tries to sleep in Miss Morgan's assembly. Isn't he brave, girls?
18—Miss Shaley informs Gene that his melodramatic actions are not necessary in class.
19—"Doc" plays janitor and burns his delicate hand on the radiator. Donald, darling, you were born for higher things.
20—Something unusual! "Tillie" Hays refuses a smoke.
24—We wonder what time Owen got home last night—from Brazil?
25—Desree forgets to go to English class. Has she any friends in Jacksonville?
26—The only slow article about C. H. S. is the assembly room clock.
27—Charles Smith said the man wasn't crazy, that he just lost his mind.
28—Currents Events Day. How long will the misery last?
31—Our usual "Blue Monday" lecture.

FEBRUARY

1—Horrors! Harold Webster called our august principal "Zim," right in class.
2—Comment of some Freshman: "Will this life go on forever?" Never mind, little ones, think of glorious Seniordom.
3—The Freshmen are learning how to make spit curls.
4—Well, whaddya think about that? Miss Schoolfield again smiles on "John."
7—We honor the Valley Champs.
8—Really, Mr. Carithers makes a grammatical error.
9—Car takes aggregation to Terre Haute.
10—All blue over G. H. S. game.
11—High school party. Seniors win what "Zim" terms the "priceless" loving cup.
14—Senior trophy has place on assembly clock.
15—Melissabelle falls down stairs. Goodness, Melissabelle, you're a Sophomore now.
16—Ask Andy how to make a mule kick—that is a white one!
17—And Wayne again "tries out" a new girl! Wayne, dear, you should be careful of strangers, you might get your life ruined!
18—R. W. and D. T. were holding hands in English class to day, O! O!
21—Mr. O'Mara addressed us on "Washington."
22—We wonder what is the cause of Mary's soft glances in history class.
23—Donald tries to hold Dee's hand. Now you qui-ut!
24—Dain breaks his pencil and gets tongue-lashed.
25—Why, Owen, how your vocabulary is enlarging! He said "in-tense-ly."
28—We're all blockheads, sometimes, according to "Zim."

MARCH

1—Bob W. has a new case. Oh girls! Beware!

2—The Senior girls are exchanging pictures quite freely. It's a bad sign to see the hearts on the boys' sleeves.

3—Should Sylvia be arrested for disturbing the peace? She bursts into history room looking so cute that you oughta see the boys sit up and take notice.

4—We didn't get to play in District Tournament. Aw! Shoot!

7—What Robert Amis doesn't know about law—well, we hope his pa does.

8—Juniors order class rings and pins.

9—Some of the remarks which appear on the board on Tuesday are beyond us.

10—Mary and Glenn give us an address. Out of all our bunch of Daniel Websters, Clinton High ought to foresee at least one president!

11—We wonder what makes "Zim" so nervous? Does wifie keep a time schedule?

14—Mr. C. said it rained twice before he went home one night. How often does it rain, J. W.?

15—Clothes don't make the man, do they, Helen, especially when applied to short pants?

16—Skinny falls down stairs; probably that's the cause of the crack in the plastering, beneath.

17—Green is everywhere. Junior Assembly. We say, "Yea, Juniors."

18—Owen softly (?) comes into English class late, braving the rising ire of Miss Shaley's wrathful countenance. Well, well, fools will go where angels fear to tread.

21—Hubert makes his toilet in class.

22—A make-believe fire drill. Wonderful posters for class play.

23—Spring vacation. "Zim" does look as if he needed some of mother's cooking.

28—Pete's eyes are peculiarly attracted to the 13th seat, 12th row, in the assembly.

29—Senior cast is practicing all the time.

30—Senior Class Play at Capitol. Howling success!

31—Yellow slips are displayed by various members of the cast.

APRIL

1—A day we can really call our own.
4—First Current Events contest. Heaven is far, isn't it, Herbert?
5—Helen Perry innocently (?) uses the encyclopedias without permission. Miss Morgan gently tells her she can use them after 3:30.
6—Is "Zim" really proud of the Senior class?
7—Excitement! Some Freshies examine the remains of a golashed dog.
8—Elva has her hair done up. We told you so!
11—Why does Charles M. like to study at the assembly table?
12—Miss Morgan is real proud of her Solid Geom. class. We agree it is solid.
13—Did you ever see a live leg of mutton? Ask Erma.
14—"Spinner" regretfully parts with her chewing gum.
15—Current Events Bee at T. H. Latin contest at Louisville, Ky.
18—Goodness, Margret, what lovely hose you have!
19—Did someone say that Grant Nichols uses eyebrow pencils?
21—Spring poems are numerous—per usual.
22—Lehman says he once had so much money, he couldn't keep his trousers on.
25—Query: Does Mr. Morgan have all his clothes made to order?
26—Stripes and bright colors seem to be quite a fad among the Freshmen. Maybe that explains Skinny's glasses.
27—Miss Morgan rudely disturbs Harry when he is just on the point of eloping (in dreams).
28—A common remark among the Sophs: "Oh, kid, did you have a good time last night?"
29—We wonder if Heber will ever be a wife beater.

MAY

2—Why do G. J. and H. M. talk so much in the hall?

3—Hubert needs a shave, according to Margaret.

4—How cruel of you, Doc. He says class rings are not jewelry when that's all some of us poor critters can afford.

5—Hear the birdie—Tweet! Tweet! How sweet of you, Gene!

6—Naughty! Naughty! Paul. Martha doesn't allow such —er —things.

9—Oh, girls, how are you having your banquet dresses made? A Senior boy's version—half a yard each way.

10—A passer-by, "What's happening in there? Are they having a fight?" No, missus, it's chorus day."

11—"Zim's" had a haircut! We can still see the print of Mrs. "Zim's" shears.

12—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Yes, Owen, we understand, but yours have been turned all winter.

13—All Seniors are wishing they were Freshies.

16—Senior High girls discovered on top of Junior High. "Human-flied" there, probably.

17—How will we ever get along without the Seniors?

18—Ooo-uch! Bob occupies a pin.

19—Rain! Rain! RAIN!

20—George's lips are all puffed out. Too much lip rouge for the first time is not good for the constitution, George.

23—The Beginning of the End.

24—The class of '21 looks kinder blue. School isn't so bad after all, is it?

25—We leave, school of happy days, but we look onward—upward!

27—Commencement.

CLINTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

The Junior High School was made a part of the Clinton school organization at the beginning of the second semester, 1918-19. It was not only a step toward a better high school organization, but also a means of relief for the overcrowded conditions in the grade buildings.

It had its beginning in the old Senior high building left vacant when the Senior high school moved to their new building. At first only the seventh and eighth grades were included in the Junior high school, but at present the 9-B's are a part of Junior high. The 9-A's will be added next year.

Junior High has in the two and one-half years of its infancy grown from a school of 175 pupils and a faculty of six regular teachers, to one having 395 pupils enrolled and a faculty of eleven teachers. At the beginning of last semester Junior High was glad to leave her old home and move to the new one shown above.

"May Junior High grow and prosper," is the desire of all.

A WORD TO THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

A word for the Junior High School,
  A word for the scholars bright,
Who are willing to work for the Seniors
  With honor and fame and might.
Then you who are working so bravely
  And you whom we know really care;
Here's Hurrah for the Junior High
  To the honor and fame we bear.

There's a new school in Clinton,
  It's called the Junior High,
We know it will be successful,
  For we'll make it go or die.
Then Hurrah for the Junior High School,
  Hurrah for each girl and boy;
And yells to you, Senior students,
  We'll be with you soon, Oh! Joy!

EARL C. BOYD
Principal and Mathematics

RUTH CAMPBELL
Mathematics and Geography

MARY JEWEL FERGUSON
History

ALVIN T. HAYS
Science and Manual Training

MARY V. HENRY
Mathematics

DORIS F. PORTER
English

KATHERINE T. SPEIRS
English

ELIZABETH N. SPEIRS
Home Economics

VERNA F. WEBKING
Mathematics and Geography

MRS. ALICE WISHARD
History (U. S. and European)

MRS. JULIA ZIMMERMAN
Science and English

LOLA GARNER
School Nurse

THE FACULTY

Mr. Boyd is a very fine teacher,
But with the paddle he's a "preacher."
A rule he always tries to teach,
Is, "Always practice what you preach."

Mr. Hays has eyes so sharp and ears so keen.
No boy e'er dares to be loud and mean.
His word is law and we must do his will,
But with all of this, we love him still.

Miss Henry, we would feel her loss,
For she is kind and never cross.
A lady meek and always mild,
Deals firm but gently with each child.

Miss Porter tries to be firm and true,
Wants our best in all we do.
Believes that in being too meek and mild
"You'll spare the rod and spoil the child."

Miss Ferguson is one in whom we rejoice.
We love to hear her soft, sweet voice.
It urges us on to harder work,
We will determine to never shirk.

Mrs. Wishard has been with us long,
Her presence soothes us like a song.
We would regret, should we have lost her,
Our heart's desire, "May she live long and prosper."

Miss Betty Speirs is the cooking teacher,
You might look and look, but you can't beat her
She teaches the girls to make
Bread, ice cream, candy and cake.

Miss Katy Speirs always wears a smile
And you know that is worth while.
Reward is always on her mind
And 9th period, if you don't mind.

Miss Campbell came new to us,
But we took her without a fuss.
She grades us close, but treats us fair;
In teaching, better, none is there.

Miss Webking came a stranger too,
We boys wondered what she'd do.
But now, for her we work,
For she never lets us shirk.

Mrs. Zimmerman, sometimes cross, but always kind,
She's only cross when we don't mind.
She teaches us science, general,
And she sure makes us learn it all.

Miss Hand is our music teacher, dear,
She likes for us to sing loud and clear.
Her exam's must be had,
But after all she's not so bad.

Miss McKinley teaches us art
She wishes us to be neat and smart.
But when we are not,
Gee! She gets hot.

To our Junior High so new
To our excellent teachers, but few,
We dedicate the above,
With best wishes and love.

W. P. ROBERTS.

OUR ORCHESTRA

Since orchestras are popular today,
I'd certainly like to hear ours play.
Our orchestra, I must confess,
Is something like the cactus;
It has no use that I know of,
And all it does is practice.

But it is too early for me to say;
Orchestras are not made in a day.
Remember our orchestra is new
Some day we'll know what it can do.

WARREN PIERCE


9B


8a


8B


7a


7B

JUNIOR BASKET BALL

Basketball was begun in the Junior High School during the season of 1919-20. During this season Junior High won five and lost three games.

The season of 1920-21 marks the successful beginning of Junior High basketball for Clinton. The team has shown development and improvement in every way. They have won recognition, not only in Clinton, but in nearby cities as well. Only two of the twenty games played were lost. Every game played on the home floor was won. Many times was Junior High up against a team much heavier than they, but only twice did they, "give up the ship."

Junior High is proud to recommend to Senior High four of her best players for their team next year. The passing, dribbling, faking, and shooting of Jimmie Wallace and Jed Nichols, we think, has never been equalled. The jumping, guarding, passing, and floor work of Johnny Geller and Ecky Walden will be hard to beat. We wish them success and a place on the high school team next year.

Of the men now on our team we will have left Toddy, our big back guard, few get by him; Jack, the boy who never says quit; Bill, on whom we can always depend, and Rus, who always sneaks in a few. With the aid of these four, who have stood the test this year, and the many others who are almost as good, Junior High hopes to have a fast and winning team next year.

Junior High challenged any Junior High team in the state for the Junior High championship. Sullivan, the only other contestant for these honors, answered our challenge. In a game played on the Y. M. C. A. floor at Terre Haute, Clinton won from Sullivan, 20 to 11, earning the undisputed claim to the Wabash Valley championship for Junior teams. The state-wide challenge was not answered.

1920-21 SCHEDULE

Junior High

Nov. 23—Clinton	39	Hillsdale	13
Dec. 3—Clinton	16	Hillsdale	14
Dec. 10—Clinton	47	Farmersburg	2
Dec. 14—Clinton	7	Juniors	0
Jan. 7—Clinton	17	Normal	8
Jan. 11—Clinton	24	McLean	3
Jan. 14—Clinton	17	Boy Scouts (Sullivan)	9
Jan. 18—Clinton	12	Juniors	10
Jan. 21—Clinton	14	Farmersburg	12
Jan. 25—Clinton	28	Helt Township H. S.	12
Feb. 8—Clinton	60	McLean	12
Feb. 11—Clinton	15	Brazil	8
Feb. 12—Clinton	17	Helt Township	44
Feb. 16—Clinton	43	Brazil	0
Feb. 18—Clinton	7	Boy Scouts (Sullivan)	11
Feb. 22—Clinton	56	Liberty Avenue Team	4
Feb. 25—Clinton	15	Normal	6
Mar. 1—Clinton	20	St. Patrick's	13
Mar. 4—Clinton	20	Methodists	15
Mar. 24—Clinton	20	Sullivan Scouts	11

Of the above total points, Jimmie Wallace has 248 to his credit, Jed Nichols, 117; Jack Thompson, 78; John Geller, 40; Bill Clark, 14; Rus Lowry, 6.

The goals made may win the game, but it takes five men to PLAY the game

OUR BASKET BALL TEAM

Here's to our Basketball Team,
They're the best team in the state, you bet!
You may look just as far as you like
None like them will ever be met.

A CALAMITY

Now our Miss Henry wished to powder her nose,
But she did not have a glass;
So she hurried into Miss Porter's room,
Just before her first hour class.
The powder on, her hair arranged,
Her toilet made, 'twas plain.
But horrors! When she reached the door,
She pushed on it in vain.
"Help! Help!" she cried, "This door is locked,
"I'm sure I will be late.
Won't someone come and help me out?
"I'm here in 'Number 8'."
The hero of our story, who was standing in the hall,
At once rushed manly forward, to answer the fainting call
He lunged against the portal, until the building shook,
"Aha!" he said, "I have it! I'll use my button hook!"
To this tiny tool the stubborn door yielded;
The fair teacher stood in a daze;
For who was her deliverer—?
None other than Mr. Hays.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Kenneth Guinn without freckles?
Arlie Redmond acting cute?
Jimmie Given being still?
Mrs. Zimmerman looking romantic?
Miss Hand missing a note?
Mr. Hays looking worried?
Miss Porter saying ain't?
Catherine Spiers with straight hair?
Miss Campbell looking undignified?
Betty——without a man?
Raymond E. or Morris S. making F?
Mrs. Wishard running down stairs?
Ruby or Florence not loving their teacher?
Miss Henry growing tall?
Miss Webking in a hurry?
Mr. Boyd without a paddle?
Miss Ferguson yelling in class?
"Jimmy" and "Jed" poor basketball players?
Joe Davis looking graceful?


Lulu
Sunday afternoon
Oh! Yes!
Some sugar

JOKES

It's Catherine Speirs,
Who always hears
What goes on in her class.

We must be good,
As children should
Or we will never pass.

Bill—"Did you tell me to take the measles?"
Miss B. Speirs—"Don't take them, just look up the material."

Louie Lester is my name
Clinton is my station,
I have come to Junior High
To get my education.

Miss Porter—"How long did you spend on your English, Guy?"
Guy—"Nine hours."
Miss Porter—"How so?"
Guy—"I put it under the mattress and slept on it."

Miss C. Speirs—"What was Lincoln's 'Gettysburg Address'?"
Margaret Laney—"I thought he lived in Washington."

Miss Porter (to writing class, after they had spent several minutes practicing the letter "E")—"Now let's make I's! (eyes)."

Miss Porter (to Geog. class)—"What is a product of Iceland?"
Bob White—"Ice."

Miss Ferguson—"Harold, tell me all you know about 'The Hague'."
Harold Walden (instantly)—"Nothing."

Janet Houston—"I don't understand those problems."
Mr. Boyd—"All right. Everyone watch while I run through these on the board."

Miss B. Speirs—"Wayne, run up that curtain."
Wayne—"I can raise the curtain, but I'm not a squirrel."

Garnet—"May I turn over the page?"
Miss Porter—"No, let's have no acrobatic stunts here."

Miss Ferguson—"Now, class, turn to the end of the chapter and run over the questions."

A TEACHER

A teacher in Junior High School
Once slapped me on the ears.
I think it was Miss Henry, and
I think it was Miss Speirs;
But no matter which one did it,
She did it all the same.
And no matter how nice I treat her,
I always get the blame.

(In an English class the pupils were naming nouns that formed their plural by internal change).

Miss Porter—"Name another one, Donald."

Donald Doughty—"Cat."

Miss Porter—"Cat! Why, what is the plural of cat?"

Donald Doughty—"Kittens."

OUR MODEL BOY

Weber is a country lad.
He isn't very merry,
Nor is he ever very bad
Like Thomas, Dick or Harry.

His name is on the Honor Roll,
Most every time you look;
He knows so very, very much,
Looks like he'd write a book.

His eyes are of the honest gray;
He is also very good.
He comes to school most every day,
His like is hard to find.


ADS

Senior to Freshie: "You had better run around here with your eyes open today."

Freshie: "What for?"

Senior: "Because if you run around with them closed people will think you are crazy."

It is said more blondes than brunettes marry. Naturally the light headed ones fall first.

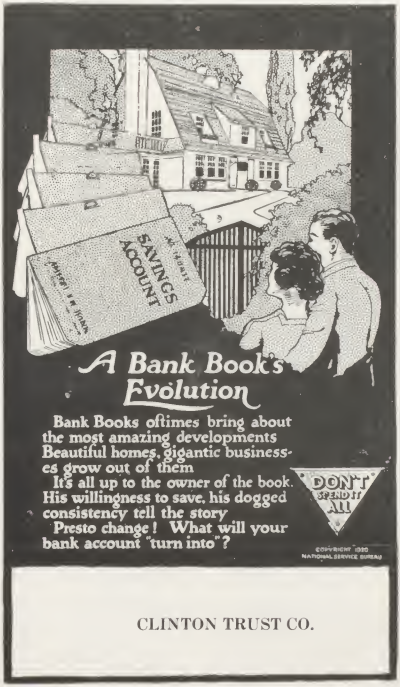
Actor: "Run up that curtain."
Stage Hand: "I hired here as a stage hand not a squirrel."

We're Ouija.

My ouija board! I love it so!
The truth it does not tell.
But, as compared with folks I know
It's doing very well.

There is a little Hindoo,
He does the best he "cin" do
He lives away out there,
With nothing to wear,
So he has to make his skin do.

What is the Liberty Bell?
The bell at the end of the 8th period.



CLINTON TRUST CO.

Mrs. Balch: "I am afraid James lacks concentration."

Mr. Balch: "Oh, he has concentration enough, only instead of using it on his work he has to do, he concentrates upon how to escape doing it."

Miss Morgan: "When is a line perpendicular to a plane?"
James Balch: "When it's like what I said yesterday."

Mr. Davis: "Which is the best way to start the drawing?"
Carl Kester: "Make a square cube."

Mr. Davis wishes to be assured of a clear path to heaven before taking the advice of his Chemistry classes.

Mr. Davis: "Tony, what does effervesce mean?"
Tony: "It means to shoot out."
Mr. Davis: "Well, if we were to shoot out of the door, would you say we effervesced out?"

Mr. Carithers: "If they marred the beauty of Niagara Falls, you wouldn't have anywhere to take your honeymoon, would you, Herbert?"

Herbert Keltz: "Naw! Or to commit suicide."

For Sale—A buggy by a lady newly painted.
Lost—A cane by a man with an ivory head.

You wouldn't knock at the jokes we use,
If you could see what we refuse.

"Why do watermelons have water in them?"
"Because they were planted in the spring."

You can always tell a Senior
By his dignified air and manner
You can always tell a Junior
By the way he carries off the banner
You can always tell a Freshman
By his greenness and such
You can always tell a Sophomore
But you cannot tell him much.
—Anon.

Little specks of powder
Little daubs of paint
Make Margaret Stiber's red cheeks
Look like what they ain't.

Fortune Teller: "You have a wonderful talent for painting?"
Sylvia S.: "How can you tell?"
F. T.: "I can see it on your face."

THE MORNING CALL

O! fellow students, one and all,
Hasten for the morning call;
For it used to ring at 8:25.
Now into our clothes we have to dive,
And run so fast we can't be seen;
For now it rings at 8:15.
Fellow students, one and all,
Hasten for the morning call.

—William Cooper, '22.

"Wisdom lies in us,"
Fools will always say.
And unless we have some fools,
Wisdom dies away.

Miss Schoolfield taking down names for Ninth Period.
"What's your name?"
Carlo—"Pickhandle Pete."

Miss Shaley—"What is a horse's mane?"
Catherine—"Well, I suppose it's his tail."

THE END

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